A FLORAL FANTASY IN AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN

BY

WALTER GRANE

NEW YORK &
LONDON HARPER
AND BROTHERS

1855

Peter

from Mildred.

Christmas 1898.

A FLORAL FANTASY

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SET FORTH IN VERSES & COLOURED DESIGNS BY WALTER CRANE

LONDON: AT THE HOUSE OF HARPER AND BROTHERS: 1899

THE OLD ENGLISH GARDEN

A FLORAL PHANTASY

In an old world garden dreaming
Where the flowers had human names,
Methought, in fantastic seeming,
They disported as squires and dames.

Of old in Rosamond's
Bower,
With its peacock hedges
of yew,
One could never find
the flower
Unless one was given
the clue;
So take the key of the
wicket,
Who would follow my
fancy free,
By formal knot and
clipt thicket,
And smooth green
sward so fair to see

And while Time
his scythe
is whetting,
Ere the dew
from the grass
has gone,

The Four
Seasons'
flight
forgetting,
As they dance
round the
dial stone;

With a leaf
from an old
English book -
A jonquil
will serve for
a pen -

Let us note
from the green
arbour's nook,
Flowers mask-
ing like women
and men

First in
Venus's
Looking
Glass,
You may see
where
Love lies
Bleeding,

While
PRETTY
MAIDS
all of them pass
With careless
hearts quite un-
heeding.

Next, a knight
with his flam:
:ing targe
See the
DENT·DE·LION
so bold
With his feath:
:ery crest at large,
On a field of the
cloth of gold.

Simple HONESTY
shows in vain
A fashion few
seek to robe in,
While the poor
SHEPHERD'S-PURSE
is ta'en
By rascally
RAGGED-ROBIN.

COLTSFOOT
and
LARKSPUR
SPEEDWELL

In the race
of the flowers
that's run
due,

As the
HARTSTONGUE
pants
at the well

And the
Houndstongue
laps the
Sundew.

Here's
VENUS'COMBE
for
MAIDENHAIR:
While
KING'CUPS
drink
BELLA-DONNA,

Glad in purple
and gold
so fair,
Though the
DEADLY
NIGHTSHADE'S
upon her.

Behold
LONDON PRIDE
robed & crowned,
Ushered in by the
GOLDEN ROD,
While a floral
crowd press
around,
Just to win from
her crest a nod.

The FOXGLOVES
are already on,
Not only in pairs
but dozens;
They've come out
to see all the fun,
With sisters and
aunts
and cousins.

The
STITCHWORT
looked up
with a sigh
At
BATCHELOR'S
BUTTONS
unsewn :

Single Daisies
were not
in her eye,
For
the grass
was just
newly mown.

The HORSE-
TAIL,
'scaped from
WOLFE'S CLAW,
Rides off with
a LADIES' LACES.

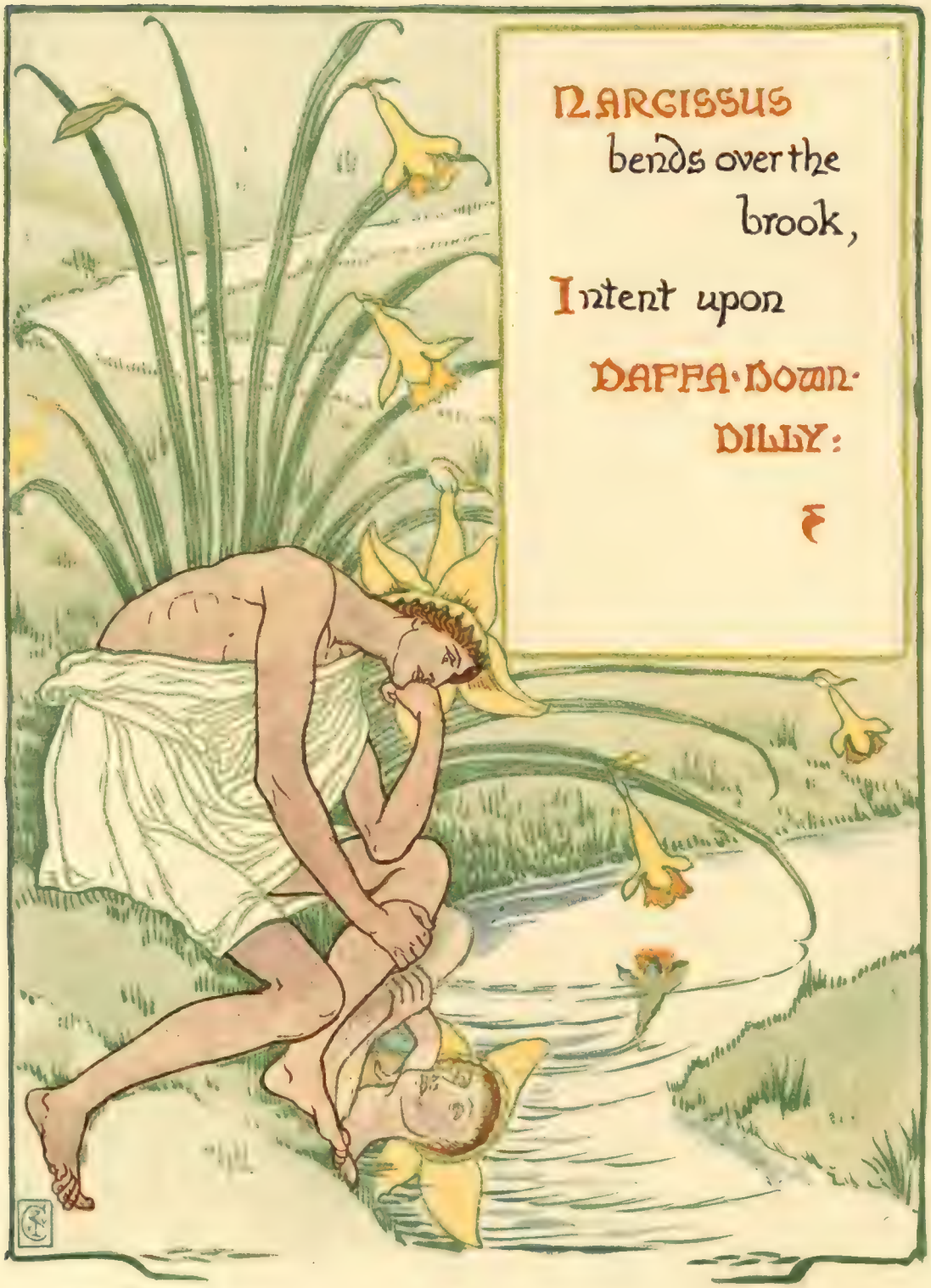
The FRIAR'S-
COWL
hides
a doctor of law,
And the
BISHOPS-WEED
covers
his grace's

The
SNAPDRAGON
opened his jaw,
But, at sight of
Scotch
THISTLE,
turned pale:

He 'd
too many points
of the law
For a dragon
without
a scale.

Little JENNY-
CREEPER
lay low,
Till happy thoughts
made her gladder;
How to rise in the
world she'd know,
So she climbed up
JACOB'S LADDER

SWEET WILLIAM
with
MARYGOLD
Seek
HEARTSEASE
in the close box-
border,
Where, starched
in their ruff's stiff
fold
DUTCH DAHLIAS
prim, keep order.


NARCISSUS
bends over the
brook,
Intent upon
DAFFA-DOWN-
DILLY:

While EYEBRIGHT
observes from
her nook,
And wonders he
could be so
silly.

A LANCE FOR
A LAD 'gainst
KING'S SPEAR,
when the BUGLE
sounds for
the play

A LADIES MANTLE flaunting there
Is the banner that leads the fray.

KNIGHT'S SPUR
to the
LADIES BOWER
To seek for the
LADIES SLIPPER.

'Twas lost in
the wood
in a summer
shower
When the
CROWN'S WORK
tried to trip her.

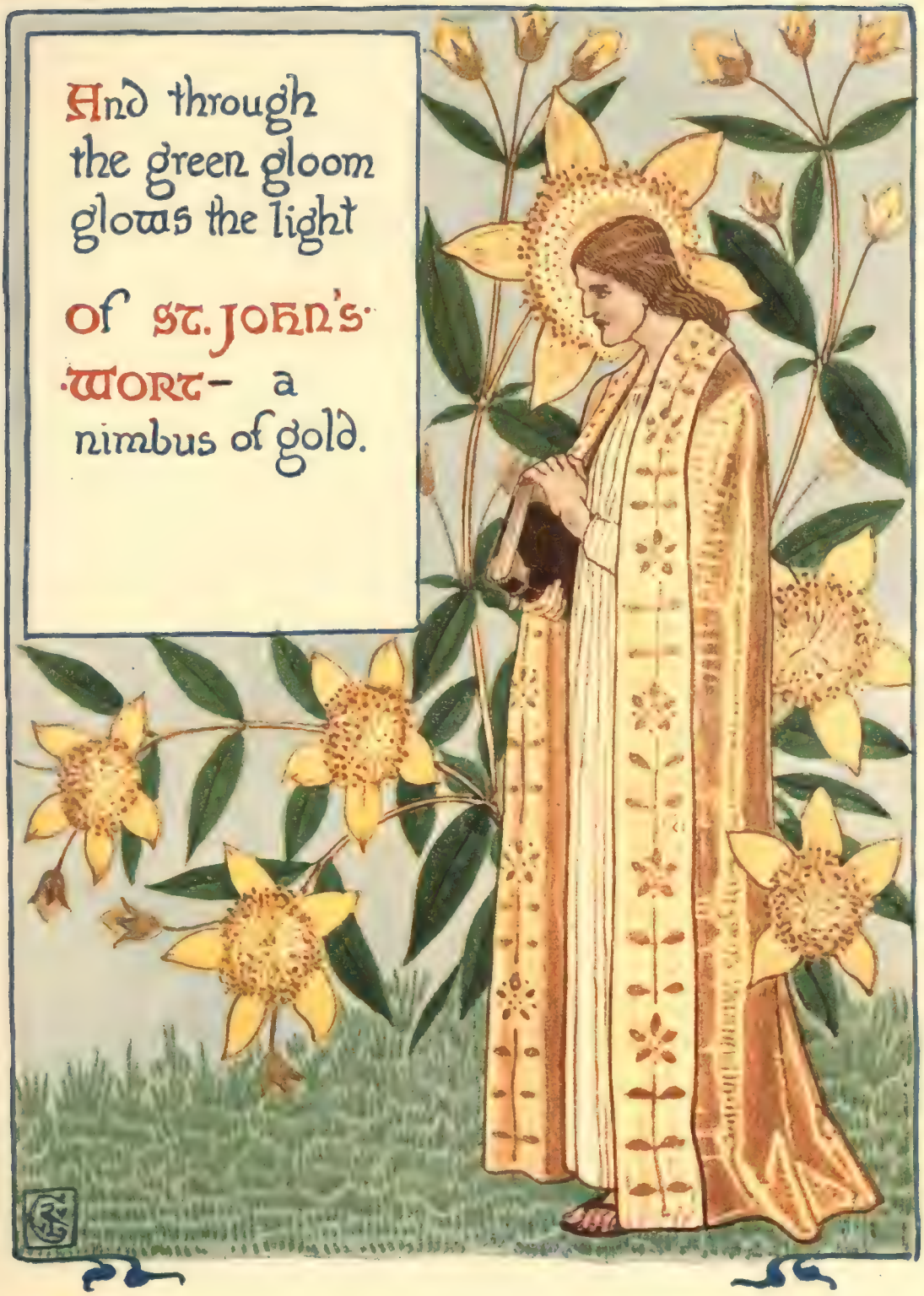
TOAD-FLAX
is spun
for
BUTTER-
AND-EGGS

On a LADIES'
CUSHION sits
THRIFT
She never wastes,
or steals, or begs,
But she can't give
poor RAGWORT
a lift.

QUEEN OF
THE MEADS
is
MEADOWSWEET.
In the realm
of grasses
wide:

But not in
all her court
you meet
The turbaned
TURK'S HEAD
in his pride.

Fair BETHLEHEM'
STAR
shineth bright,
In a lowly
place, as
of old,

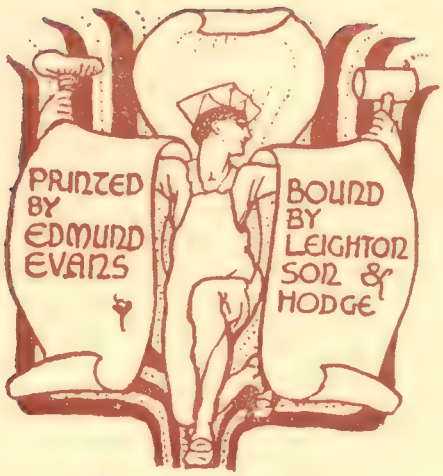

And through
the green gloom
glows the light
of ST. JOHN'S
WORT – a
nimbus of gold.

But the hours
of the sun
swift glide,
And the flowers
with them are
speeding.

Though
LOVE IN A MIST
may hide,
When Time's in
the garden
weeding.

There's
TRAVELLER'S
JOY
To entwine,
At our
journey's end
for greeting,

We can
talk over
SOPS·IN·WINE,
And drink to
our next
merry meeting.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